EDWARD AND HARRIET,

OR THE

HAPPY RECOVERY;

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

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HAPPY RECOVERY;

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

BY A LADY.

Dedicated by permission to her GRACE the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

The proper Study of Mankind is Man, POPE.

VOL. I.

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

An Addreſs from the Publiſher to the Reader.

THOUGH numerous are theſe ſort of productions; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that there has been ſince the days of Fielding and Smollet but a paucity of entertaining ones—Novels have therefore been eſteemed as dangerous for youth, and no wonder when the generality of our romances

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abound in the groſſeſt ribaldry and ſhameful obſcenity—the writers thereof may pride themſelves upon a fertile imagination and miſtake their dull nonſenſe for a pleaſing tale; — to ſuch degenerated Authors are novels now indebted for the loſs of name, and no wonder that they ſhould be denied acceſs to boarding ſchools, when young ladies might ſuffer by them; but on the contrary, were novels written as they ſhould be; that is; replete with ſuch honeſt ſentiments and intereſting incidents as might do credit to the writer, by a diſplay of a lively imagination,

and

and inſtead of being baniſhed from the youth of both ſexes; be rather invited as entertaining and edifying books, to deſcribe virtue in her bright garb, and vice in her deteſted form; to diſplay high and low life in their ſeveral colours, and be—as it is humbly hoped that *Edward* and *Harriet* may prove—a leſſon for all thoſe of either a ſingle or married life.

DEDI-

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF

DEVONSHIRE.

MADAM,

IT is with the moſt profound reſpect, that I lay at your feet the offspring of a young lady lately departed from this life, who was well known and eſteemed by many of the high claſs; but who was obliged to obey the divine will, 'ere ſhe could behold this, her firſt born,

in

in its preſent ſtate, it is however preſumed that though an humble Orphan it will not want the kind protection of a generous patroneſs—your charitable diſpoſition is too well known to admit of one doubt in defence of this ſuppoſition—no; many are the motherleſs babes which have been relieved and patronized by your Grace—many the forſaken foundlings which have been cheriſhed by your care—can it therefore be deemed any pre-

preſumption if this poor infant (and 'till now unprotected) work be moſt ſubmiſſively laid at your feet in hopes it may arrive to maturity —for your illuſtrious favours are too well known to need any encomiums, by all who, have ever heard of DEVONSHIRES name, as well as by

Madam,

Your Grace's

devoted ſervant

THE EDITOR.

EDWARD AND HARRIET: OR THE HAPPY RECOVERY.

LETTER I.

MRS. HAMILTON TO THE COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

HOW can I thank the moſt faithful of friends for her laſt affectionate letter; at a time when I did not imagine ſhe could ſpare a moment to write.

I know what you muſt ſuffer at the approaching departure of the young Earl, yet I muſt ſtill add more diſtreſſes to your tender heart, by revealing my dreadful apprehenſions.

Deareſt Madam, they are great indeed! to none breathing would I impart them, but to you, my beſt beloved and boſom friend: frequently has your Ladyſhip aſſured us you felt the Colonel's happineſs and mine, and that it was your utmoſt ambition that the Earl when married might paſs his life in exalted tranquility and love—happy indeed—ſupremely happy have we ſpent twenty years; our children ſtill endearing us to each other; but now madam—Oh cruel

reverſe

reverſe of fate—I ſcarce know what I write—the dear Colonel (for dear, very dear is he to me) has ſome load of uneaſineſs on his mind, which he tenderly conceals, fearing no doubt ſhould I be acquainted with the cauſe it would deeply affect me.

Good heaven! what *can* it be? when I fondly entreated him to reveal this dreadful ſecret—and admit me the faithful participator of his melancholy—to endeavour when known to ſooth his anguiſh—he told me it was a little lowneſs—it ſignified nothing—and ſtrove in vain to hide an aching heart: what muſt I ſuffer to behold the partner of my affections ſtruggling with diſtreſs—

and *I* entirely ignorant of the unhappy cauſe? I think his love increaſes with his afflictions; what *can* it be?

Yeſterday evening as I was ſitting by him, his head reclined on my boſom, we received a letter from Oxford—wherein my dear Edward was ſo dutiful, ſo tender, it drew tears from our eyes—Eliza ſmiled with innocent delight--her cheek glowed with ſatisfaction at the progreſs her brother hourly makes in his learning; ſoon perceiving her father's chagrin, which he cannot hide—ſhe tenderly preſt his hand, then mine, and ſilently—but pathetically raiſed them to her lips— the Colonel ſtarted up, looked at me, then at her,

and

and hurried out of the room to his apartment, to the unſpeakable aſtoniſhment of Eliza and me; in about two hours the ſervant brought me a line, intreating me not to aſk an explanation of his behaviour--which he hoped would be ever irreproachable to his family. I gave him a ſolemn aſſurance I never would.

I'll defer ſending this 'till to-morrow; for perhaps time may throw ſome light on this dark affair; but how, engaged to ſilence as I am? I entirely leave it to Providence. Believe me at all times and in all ſituations

Your Ladyſhip's
much obliged,
FRANCES HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER II.

LADY SUTHERLAND TO MRS. HAMILTON.

DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,

I SHALL begin this with a remark I have frequently made, That this world is incapable of rendering us perfectly happy. The tender affections afford the moſt rational and exquiſite delights we are fated to enjoy; true, yet thoſe are ſome times the ſource of our keeneſt afflictions.

I have reaſon to ſay ſo, having this morning parted with my ſon; it was neceſſary

neceſſary for his education to travel; his tutor is a young man of integrity on whom I may depend, and yet you will not wonder at a mother's fears; born to a large fortune, an antient title, with his dear father's laſt requeſt, the deſire I have it ſhould be complied with in regard to my niece lady Harriet: who is a charming lovely girl, altogether hurries my ſpirits, at a time I have many whiſpers of mortality.

If this ſeparation from my ſon, gives pain when I know it is for his advantage and improvement, what muſt their ſufferings be who are torn from their families and friends by misfortune, or miſconduct.

My

My dear Mrs. Hamilton ſo long married as you have been, and happy with ſuch amiable pledges of conjugal affection, you cannot apprehend, while bleſt with health, any ſevere affliction; therefore cheer, your tender ſuſceptible heart, and remember that joy cometh in the morning, as Providence ordaineth every thing for ſome wiſe purpoſe; your very uneaſineſs may occaſion that extreme tenderneſs you obſerve in the Colonel; he can't but perceive, and admire you for it; however, ſhould at any time any unforeſeen accident remind you what it is to ſtand in need of a friend apply to me without reſerve, and believe me, our griefs, are not without a mixture of delight. To have the

tears

tears wiped from our eyes, and our ſighs caught almoſt before they eſcape us, is indeed what may be termed the LUXURY OF WOE! happineſs is divided among mortals, in greater portions than is commonly conceived: a refined temper extracts, ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing from a ſimpathetic ſorrow, far ſuperior to the liſtleſs tranquility of continual eaſe; but whither would my reflections carry me, perhaps by this time your anxiety is over; if it ſtill remains, your own good ſenſe, will inſtruct you to bear it--better than any council given by

Your

ſincere friend,

ELIZA SUTHERLAND.

LET-

LETTER III.

MRS. HAMILTON TO THE COUNTESS OF S———.

OH madam, what can this mean? when I took my laſt down to enquire, had the Colonel any letters for the poſt; a knock was given at the door; I opened it; a ſmart looking boy aſked was this Colonel Hamilton's? I anſwered in the affirmative, and deſired to know his buſineſs, at the ſame time holding out my hand for a letter which he held: on which he drew back, look'd confounded, and told me he could give it to none but the Colonel himſelf.

I changed

I changed colour, and was ſtrangely affected; ſure it not could come from a miſtreſs, yet the addreſs was in Italicks. I recovered my chagrin enough to ſend up to the Colonel (who keeps more in his ſtudy than I ever remember him.) He came himſelf, I thought he flew, took the letter and whiſpered the boy, but what, I could not hear; he retired immediately.

After compoſing myſelf as well as poſſible, I waited on him as is my cuſtom when dinner was near ready; he appeared in great diſorder, the letter lying on his deſk; as ſoon as I entered, he ſnatched it up, and with great precipitation thruſt it into the fire, then ſtarted as

if

if he felt a pang at burning the hand writing, perhaps the name of ſome beloved object — Oh my ſwoln heart! where will this end? I informed him dinner was ready, and retired full of the moſt agonizing curioſity.

At his approach, an univerſal tremor ſeized me—he ſeemed equally agitated. Eliza looked with tender anxiety, none of us had any appetite, he — ſoon withdrew to his ſtudy, and I to inform my dear counteſs of the unhappy ſituation of her

ſincere friend,

and obliged

F. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER IV.

MRS. HAMILTON TO THE COUNTESS OF S———.

'TIS all over, and Frances H—— is now one of the moſt unhappy of beings this day on earth, my huſband—alas, madam, I have no huſband! my children no father! the Colonel has abandoned us, good heaven, for—

ELIZA IN CONTINUATION.

Dear madam, I heard a noiſe in mamma's room, and haſtened to her; my dear mamma was on the floor, indeed I

thought her dead, my ſcreams alarmed the family, who were before in great diſorder; I ſee by one of your ladyſhip's letters you are no ſtranger to the melancholy cauſe, my mother was blooded and put into a warm bed, the phyſician ſeems alarmed; if I loſe my dear mamma —no father—I am quite an orphan.

Will you come and try to ſave her? perhaps ſhe may be reſtored to our prayers; hear us heaven, and oh, haſte to the diſtracted

E. HAMILTON.

LETTER V.

THE COUNTESS TO HER NIECE LADY HARRIET LYSTER.

I MUST inform my dear Harriet of every thing that has happened ſince her departure from her friends in Pall-Mall.

What has our dear Mrs. Hamilton ſuffered within theſe laſt three months! her huſband's unaccountable behaviour has made cruel ravages in her tender heart—who could have thought this of the Colonel? on the firſt account of this ſtrange man's conduct I ſuſpected,

what is now generally believed, that he has forſaken beauty and innocence, together with the beſt of children, for infamy, and the celebrated miſs —; ſhe having quit the ſtage exactly at the ſame time. He often praiſed her; but as ſhe had no one perfection, his wife and daughter did not amply poſſeſs, the former, had no ſuſpicion; he forſook his family on Sunday morning; Monday evening I received the fatal tidings, the ſervant riding poſt, all night; the gentle diſtracted Eliza could ſcarce write; her broken and unſtudied ſentences were more pathetic, than the moſt refined language.

I did not take much time for preparation—I ever held it profitable to viſit

the

the houſe of mourning—early in the morning I ſtept into my carriage, and had a melancholy journey; I could not reach London till Thurſday, and in the evening was at the door: the muffle on the knocker, ſpite of every effort, brought tears into my eyes, and when the door was opened I ordered Sally (Mrs. Hamilton's maid) to attend me in the parlour.

Of her I particularly enquired the ſtate of affairs; the good natured girl was much affected, ſhe told me, if any thing could relieve her dear miſtreſs (and the girl wept in abundance) it would be my preſence, "Were your "ladyſhip to have ſeen her, the morn-

"ing my maſter left his home, you "would not have expected her to exiſt "till now; miſs Eliza has never left "her mamma. My young maſter, ſoon "heard of the ſituation we were in, and "haſtened, to conſole and comfort my "poor miſtreſs." I was glad to hear that; Mrs. Hamilton cannot be entirely dejected while providence ſpares her ſuch valuable children. After a little refreſhment I deſired this faithful domeſtic to attend me to her miſtreſs; Mrs. Hamilton was juſt in a doze, Eliza on her knees at the ſide of the bed, one arm under her mamma's head, the other raiſed in a ſupplicating manner, imploring the Almighty to ſpare that beloved parent,—Eliza's early piety delighted me,

me, undoubtedly ſuch duty and innocence will be rewarded; Oh, Colonel, Colonel, had you been in my place what muſt your cruel heart have undergone! I drew back, and tears gave me ſome relief,—hearing Mrs. Hamilton cough, I ordered Sally to inform her lady, I was in the houſe, fearing my preſence might hurry her fluttering ſpirits; ſhe eagerly deſired to ſee me, I was very indifferent, but preſently was with my dear friend, Eliza was giving her a cordial; on my entrance ſhe held out her cold hand.—

"My dear, dear Counteſs (ſaid ſhe) "this is too much, what trouble I "give you."

"I requeſted

"I requeſted ſhe would ſay no more
"on this ſubject or I ſhould inſtantly
"leave her," I then drew near to her.

"No, no," (ſaid ſhe) don't you for-
ſake me too, tho' I am forſaken by——

She burſt into tears, looked tenderly at Eliza—"my beloved creature, ſhe tries "to keep me here yet," and ſhe ſighed heavily, "it will not do" ſhe preſſed her to her boſom.

"My deareſt love, you will not
"want a mother, Edward too will have
"one, your God mamma, my child,
"this beſt of friends, ſhe will ſupply"
the word trembled on her lip, and I really

really thought her ſoul was bleſt for ever—never were ſuch death like fits; I ſaved the lifeleſs Eliza from dropping on the ground, her delicate frame could not ſupport her—In the midſt of this diſtreſſing ſcene, Edward ſuſpecting ſomething to be the matter, came into the chamber, he caſt a look firſt at one, then at the other.

"What" (ſaid he) "am I to be depriv-
"ed of every thing valuable in life?
"what now is to become of me."

I took him by the hand.

"Dear Sir, you muſt try and rouſe
"your wretched mother."

He

He kneeled by the bed, Mrs. Hamilton juſt then opened her eyes, but could not ſpeak—'twas plain ſhe knew him, I was much afraid the violent agitation of Edward would be more than he could bear: Eliza perceiving her brother held out her hand, he preſſed it, all his ſoul in his eyes. Mrs. Hamilton grew a little better, ſhe deſired them both to ſit by her, ſhe believed heaven had heard our prayers to ſpare her life, her anxiety for the viſible diſtreſs of her children was exceedingly great, ſhe repeatedly expreſſed her fears for Eliza s health.

I then hinted my ſcheme of all going down to Sutherland Place, as this houſe muſt be ever diſagreeable to her; in

in her huſband's abſence I ſhall prevail on her by reſiding with me to diverſify the ſcene—I immediately conſulted the phyſicians; as the country air may be of infinite ſervice.

They ſtrongly recommended it, ſo my dear Harriet, as ſoon as matters could be a little adjuſted, and Mrs. Hamilton able to travel, we began our journey—and by eaſy ſtages, got here with little fatigue.

They are all here with me, and I have the ſatisfaction to inform you, that I hope in time our dear friend may enjoy thoſe bleſſings the Almighty ſtill allows her—we never can expect her

to

to be the ſame chearful happy creature ſhe formerly was.

I don't know indeed what effect the Colonel's preſence might have on her—the bell calls to dinner.

I am,

dear Harriet's

affectionate aunt

ELIZA SUTHERLAND.

LET-

LETTER VI.

LADY HARRIET LYSTER TO MISS HAMILTON.

THANK Heaven my dear Eliza is able to correſpond once more with her Harriet, and time, that able phyſician, together with the converſation and friendſhip of my worthy aunt, will do more for your mamma than the celebrated doctor B——.

To be ſure I'll acknowledge a beauty like you or me, child, does not much like

his viſits—how long has he been attending on your mamma? by the way now, would any one think your good Counteſs and my father were brother and ſiſter? though indeed he would be very agreeable if permitted, 'tis ſtrange thoſe at the top of the hill will not ſmile at thoſe below, I'll engage mam has had many an hour of flirtation in her golden age—how dearly would I love (if a parent) to make friends of my children, to win their tender natures, to love as well as reſpect—do Eliza make haſte and ſet the example to your friend—but I forgot your declaration, of abſolutely remaining ſingle, 'till you arrive at the ſummit of female terrors, an antient ſpinſter—excuſe me my dear I muſt

muſt laugh—why do you think to bury thoſe little ſmiles and dimples, and a thouſand other beauties — the king wants men, ſome deſerving youth a lovely wife—apropos, we ſhall be all glad to ſee your brother in his way to Oxford, and now my dear conſider what has been ſaid——while

I am

Yours,

H—— L——.

LETTER VII.

HARRIET LYSTER TO ELIZA HAMILTON.

MY DEAR GIRL,

AS I know it will give my amiable Mrs. Hamilton and you pleasure to hear your brother is well, I take up my pen though in great haste to go down as batchelors are intolerably scarce here.

I suffer so much at the relation he gives of the distress you have been all in, which though born with a placid resignation for some time, has been a

good

good deal renewed by his departure, that I cannot forbear ſcribbling in hopes to divert your attention—would to God your Harriet could give you both comfort, you know how well I love you and my dear Mrs. Hamilton.

The extraordinary care your mamma has taken to form the gentle manners of my friend, by which ſhe has endeared you to all that know you, is ſuch an obligation as can never be eraſed, and muſt render every effort you make to alleviate her ſufferings a delightful employment.

How can you divert her melancholy if you give way to it yourſelf?

Your brother has requeſted me to write to you on this ſubject; he tenderly loves his mother and you.

Let me hear from you my dear, it will be a conſtant relief (I flatter myſelf) to open your mind to

Yours,

H—— L——.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

MR. HAMILTON TO H. CROFTON, ESQ.

WORMWOOD HALL.

HERE I am in the ſtrangeſt ſituation imaginable, I need not give you a deſcription of Lord and Lady Lyſter—you know them and that's ſufficient.

Softened as I have been of late by a beloved mother's illneſs—the diſtreſs of my dear ſiſter—and ſhocked at the cruelty of a father I ſincerely loved—no wonder, the lovely Lady Harriet, has

has made the deepeſt impreſſion on my unguarded heart — my mind being ſo diſturbed I thought I ſhould attend my college duties better, to relax a little by the way,—the only inducement, that can be here is lady Harriet, but never, my friend, did I love till now; though I always admired this delightful girl.

On my arrival I was treated with the greateſt reſpect and decorum by my Lord and Lady; but the lovely Harriet was all impatience to learn every circumſtance of our affairs—ſhe choſe the particular account when we were alone to avoid interruption—how did the dear creature's boſom heave and

her

her ſparkling black eyes ſtream with tears, I own I dwelt on the diſtreſſing ſubject, her lovely ſpirits were much depreſſed—ſhe breathed the moſt refined friendſhip, ſhe participated every melancholy idea, I gazed on her with rapture, I preſſed her trembling hand, and would you believe it, raiſed it to my lips, it was wet with tears: ſcarce, knowing what I did, I kiſſed them away, the dejected paleneſs of her cheek gave way to a crimſon bluſh, and glowed celeſtial roſy red: I think ſhe was not angry, I wanted but this to compleat my ruin.

Lady Harriet's uncle on his death bed, requeſted the preſent Earl to be united

united with his couſin, in wedlock, being an accompliſhed lady and their family eſtates much connected. I gather the ſecret from lady Lyſter; the extreme pride of this lady would never let her conſent to any match without a title—this is the true ſtate of my heart, a bad preparation for my ſtudies at Oxford.—In whatever ſituation

I am,

Believe me,

Your ſincere

EDWARD HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER IX.

MRS. HAMILTON TO THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND.

YOUR lordſhip will no doubt be much ſurpriſed at a letter from me, I am commiſſioned to write to you by my amiable and beſt of friends, who has had ſome alarming ſymptoms of her old complaint.

No mother was ever more ſincerely intereſted for a beloved ſon, than her ladyſhip, ſhe fears your rank and fortune

tune will occaſion you many temptations, ſhe ſuffered conſiderably at your departure—religion and good ſenſe kept her ſilent—ſhe truſted it was for your advantage; I who know her diſpoſition, could perceive it lay heavy on her heart; I am certain the unhappy ſtate of public affairs, makes her more anxious for your return. God ſend you in health and ſafety to your valuable mother.—

I am, my Lord,

Your ever

Obliged and humble ſervant,

FRANCES HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER X.

ELIZA HAMILTON TO LADY HARRIET LYSTER.

MY dear Harriet, our kindeſt and moſt faithful friend the Counteſs has alarmed us all, ſhe has been ſeverely attacked by a paralytic ſtroke, the phyſicians impute a great deal of it to her ſon's abſence; ſhe is thank Heaven much better ſince—my mother has actually wrote to him, and I make no doubt of his being here as ſoon as poſſible; you ſay by one accident or another, 'tis long ſince you ſaw his Lordſhip, I ſcarce remember him.

You were very good to mention my brother being well when you ſaw him, we having heard he has come off with great applauſe and expect to ſee him next vacation; perhaps you may have that pleaſure before us, he is the beſt of creatures, and has a heart ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings, I know my Harriet will excuſe my writing in a brother's praiſe, but I cannot forbear, praiſing merit where 'tis ſo conſpicuous; his departure and the ſudden illneſs of the Counteſs has made me quite a *penſeroſa*.

I requeſted the honor of attending her Ladyſhip and would ſit up with her, which ſhe very reluctantly granted, my

my dear mother not being in a condition to bear the leaſt fatigue.

If it were not for your charming vivacity you could not exiſt, your parents knowing your perfections are afraid to let mortal eye behold you. The phyſicians declare in favour of the Counteſs viſiting Bath, when the ſeaſon commences, they likewiſe think it would be of infinite ſervice to my mother, I wiſh my dear Harriet was to be of the party, we ſtand much in need of ſuch a lively companion.

My dear mother has juſt made me very happy, ſhe has informed me, the Counteſs has aſſured her that ſhe be-

lieves under God ſhe owes her recovery to my mother's agreeable company and my care and tenderneſs, her Ladyſhip told her ſhe never would forget my good-nature, and declared herſelf in very warm and affectionate terms; the tears were in my mama's eyes when ſhe related what paſt, I caught the ſoft infection and throwing my arms round her neck—"What do I owe the friend, that "flew to ſuccour my dear mama, I "never, never can make her a ſuitable "return, ſhe has my prayers, the over-"flowings of a grateful heart." At this inſtant the Counteſs entered, "Yes" ſaid ſhe, "this is a ſight worthy of yourſelves, "but I'll have a part in it, my friends," at the ſame time embracing us, nor could

could I forbear kiſſing the Counteſs's hand as ſhe kindly preſſed mine, "to you "madam, I hold myſelf indebted in a "great meaſure, for the tolerable ſtate "of health, this dear parent enjoys, no "wonder if on my knees--" ſhe held her hand before my mouth; "no more, no "more, my good girl, nor you my ami- "ble friend, I have received that heart-- "felt ſatisfaction, I have been all my life "in purſuit of, to do by others, as I wiſh "to be done by,' then putting a book into "my hand, "if you pleaſe, Mrs. Hamil- "ton, Eliza will read to us, while we "work,"—this is the principal way we employ our time, the Counteſs has a charming library. I juſt ſeized an

hour after tea to write this, and am now obliged to conclude in haſte,

Your faithful and affectionate

H—— L——.

LET-

LETTER XI.

ELIZA TO LADY HAMILTON.

MY dear Harriet, we are all expectation — mama wrote an account of the Counteſs's indiſpoſition to the Earl, and by a letter from the Duke of —— in Paris (where he ſpent moſt part of his time ſince his departure) we learn that as ſoon as he received your favour, he made all manner of diſpatch, and we hourly expect him— Hark, I hear the trampling of horſes: mercy! it is his lordſhip—what a graceful

ful figure—as he alights from his carriage. Adieu, I go to bid him welcome.

Here I am returned to inform my dear Harriet of the earl's reception—He rather flew than walked to his mother's apartment—where locked in her embraces, he continued a conſiderable time—at length, conducting him to us, the maternal tear, trembling in her eye "—my ſon" ſaid ſhe—at laſt—"I did "not imagine I ſhould ſee this day.—"Here," ſaid ſhe, taking my mother's hand and preſenting it to him—— "regard this worthy friend, who in all "my illneſs has ſoothed and fortified "my ſpirits;—but my ſon, this charm-

ing

" ing girl," and ſhe turned to me—
" you are much indebted to, for her ten-
" derneſs, her aſſiduity, her indefatig-
" able care—has reſtored you your mo-
" ther, and given the joy of preſent-
" ing to you a ſiſter worthy of your
" ſincereſt affection—I believe you may
" remember, I anſwered for Miſs Ha-
" milton at the font."

I ſtood confounded and greatly over-come at her ladyſhip's rating my little ſervices ſo much more—than they could deſerve.

His lordſhip ſeemed much pleaſed with thoſe praiſes her ladyſhip ſo liber-rally beſtowed on me—yet you will be

ſur-

ſurpriſed, to hear he omitted paying me any extraordinary compliment,—perhaps in tenderneſs to the embarraſſment, he muſt obſerve me in; be that as it may, I muſt ſay I never ſaw ſuch a gradual change as has appeared in his whole behaviour ſince his return—many hours does he ſpend in a dark walk at the bottom of the garden.—Good heaven what do I ſee! he approaches the houſe, his arms folded.

Yours,

E. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XII.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

A VIOLENT pain in my head made me conclude my laſt rather abruptly. I ſhall proceed—I told you his lordſhip entered the houſe; he did ſo with the moſt penſive air and dejected countenance, he aſcended the ſtairs leading to my mother's apartment, the door of which ſtood half open.—I was at that inſtant folding up my laſt to my Harriet;—he bowed—in his

his uſual graceful manner, and apologiſed for his intruſion. However, he did not wait my reply; but taking his ſeat, "Will you permit me, "loveliest of women, to open to you "the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul."—Support me heaven, thought I—he then informed me of a ſevere injunction of his father's, who on his death bed laid him under a ſolemn command—his mother being called to witneſs it—that he ſhould ſolicit in marriage Lady HarrietLyſter—an unaccountable pain that moment ſhot through my brain; I had recourſe to my ſalts, which prevented my fainting—but on caſting down my eyes, I perceived an object truly pitiable—his Lordſhip pale as

death

at my feet he knelt—preſſing my motionleſs hand with his lips,—requeſted I would act up to my character—which was that of the moſt ingenuous mind, and tell him, if he might without too great a degree of vanity, flatter himſelf that what he had ſaid—was inſtrumental to my diſorder. After a ſhort pauſe, I replied, "he knew little of my diſpo-"ſition, if he ſuppoſed me capable of "hearing with indifference, that the "ſon of my much eſteemed friend was "likely to be unhappy; for ſo I muſt "think the man, who in ſo material "a point is denied a free choice."—— "Angelic creature," he replied, "my "miſery or happineſs depends entirely "on your favourable reception of my

" vows." I ſtarted, " What mean " you, my Lord, you have juſt in- " formed me of the inſurmountable " bar that lies between us.'" " True, " my Eliza—will you permit me to " call you mine ; if fortune ſhould in " compaſſion remove that." " Your " Lordſhip goes too far—I perhaps am " not without my objections—weighty " to me they are, for my ſake then " urge me no further."

" Diſtraction, am I awake, who is " the man to whom I muſt relinquiſh " all my hopes." I was terrified— " Be compoſed, my Lord, I know not " the man that at this time I wiſh " to marry, I have ſome ſorrows to

" be

" be diſpelled, before I can give myſelf " time to reflect on ſuch an important " event." His countenance brightened, " You muſt baniſh thoſe ſorrows, my " angel, by a paſſion you were born " to create. I will not intrude on you " any longer;" then preſſing my hand to his lips, he bowed reſpectfully and withdrew, I am much indiſpoſed—an unaccountable lowneſs on my ſpirits—it is ſeeing my dear mama ſo poorly I ſuppoſe. I know my dear Harriet will therefore make allowances for her ſincere friend

ELIZA HAMILTON.

LETTER XIII.

FROM ELIZA TO EDWARD.

NEVER did I ſtand ſo much in need of my dear Edward's advice as at this inſtant, your poor Eliza is ſorely oppreſſed, oppreſſed in the tendereſt part; my dear mother, my kind friend they muſt not miſtruſt what ails me: alas, can I diſguiſe, I fear I cannot, the firſt thought I ever wiſhed to conceal from them, uſed as I have been from my cradle to indulgence?

The

The Earl is here, come on account of my mother's letter; he feared the the Counteſs was worſe than ſhe mentioned; Oh, Edward, gueſs the reſt and ſpare my bluſhes, never till now did I know my heart. That young nobleman is deſigned for Lady Harriet, it was his father's earneſt wiſh upon upon his death-bed—that is ſufficient for the Counteſs, as never wife paid more implicit obedience to a huſband's will: that amiable girl richly deſerves him, her title and fortune make her every way a ſuitable match.

But my dear brother, have you not heard our affections are not always in our own power? can he be blamed

then for not beſtowing them where he is deſired? Ah, no, ſure he cannot; and yet ſincerely, I wiſh he may comply, for ſure we never can be married, never can Eliza think of ſuch baſe ingratitude, to cruſh at once his mother's moſt pleaſing views, her wiſhed-for happineſs: Oh, agonizing thought, ſhe that flew to me in my diſtreſs, to comfort, to preſerve my mother, to relieve her, you, me!

A friendly ſhower has in ſome meaſure eaſed my heavy heart, where will this end? beſides her my deareſt friend, what would be my poor mother's feelings, delicate to a degree, how could ſhe ſupport it? conſcious as we all are of the

the wiſhed-for union. No, my dear Harriet, never will your Eliza injure you, were no other bar between the Earl and me, your welfare would be ſufficient.

My ſpirits are greatly agitated, I dread the Earl, I fear and reverence the Counteſs, I cannot meet their eyes; my mother too—but the innocent cauſe is ſoon to leave us, may every bleſſing attend him, is the ardent wiſh of your much diſtreſſed and loving ſiſter.

E. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

EDWARD HAMILTON, ESQ. TO LADY HARRIET LYSTER.

FORGIVE me, deareſt lady Harriet, for thus continuing to plague you; but one of your delicate ſenſibility will make allowances for a man tortured by the keeneſt pangs of love; Oh, madam to ſhew you all at once the entire dependance I have on your honour, I will acquaint you with a ſecret, which if it ſhould eſcape us, would utterly ruin me with them I hold very dear.

The

The Earl you know has been at Sutherland Houſe-----Eliza's amiable gentle diſpoſition has made a vaſt impreſſion on his youthful heart. Beloved as ſhe is by all about her, he loves her too, her ſufferings are very great, ſhe is intirely ſenſible of his. Harriet, my poor girl has opened her whole heart to me, and begged my advice: to be the better enabled to give it, if it can be called a breach of truſt, I reveal it to you, though Eliza's reſolution ſeems entirely fixed; her own letter will better ſhew you her exemplary duty to her mother; her friendſhip and love to him, and her extraordinary regard for you.

I have

I have according to your requeſt never mentioned a word of my preſent, attachment, and now I am extremely glad I did not, as ſhe might look upon me as an improper perſon to apply to for comfort, and readily ſuppoſe his Lordſhip devoirs to her, would greatly delight me. Now madam, I leave the whole of this affair to you; as for myſelf, your happineſs and her's are of ſo much more conſequence to me, than any private view of my own, that I will not ſo much as petition you, in favour of my love, though I will declare no man ever poſſeſſed a more faithful heart as

well

well as that whatever you now reſolve ſhall ſtrictly be adhered to by

Your Ladyſhip's moſt devoted,

Faithful humble ſervant

EDWARD HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XV.

FROM MRS. HAMILTON TO EDWARD.

MY dear ſon will be ſurprized at a letter from me, as he knows how little able I am to write, and that Eliza is always my charming ſcribe, my poor girl is now unable for the taſk. Oh, Edward, your ſiſter, my child, every body's darling is ill, an heavy melancholy has laid faſt hold upon her, the bloom dies on her cheek her reſt forſakes her, I fear ſhe is threatened with

with a haſty and alarming conſumption.

I ſometimes think I can partly gueſs at the cauſe of this alarming danger, but my fears leſt it be true, would not allow me to dwell upon it, 'till a circumſtance that juſt now happened ſeemed to put the matter out of all doubt.

The Counteſs perſuaded me to walk with her into the demeſne, where we had not ſtrolled far, when the voices of our two children met our ears, the Earl was juſt finiſhing whatever his requeſt might have been, but which my daughter rejected in the ſweeteſt accents imaginable; happily for her to

ſave her from further importunity, they perceived us approaching and haſtened towards us, my daughter appearing much agitated, when we met ſhe faintly faultered out ſhe would lean on her mama—" On both your mamas, my " dear girl," cried the Counteſs kindly putting her between us—the Earl at this was viſibly affected, his manly colour changed, and we returned home as ſoon as poſſible— oh Edward, what a load hangs about me, what will become of us, they never can be united, no, never! Oh my dear Counteſs, has this affliction come on you by my means? a dreadful recompence for all your trouble paſt.—

Some

Some time after our return Eliza perceiving the Counteſs and me extremely low, begg'd to know what ailed us; "Oh my child," cried our dear friend embracing her tenderly, "do "you be well and we ſhall all be hap- "py, but your illneſs gives us great un- "eaſineſs," "Heaven forbid" cried ſhe taking a hand of each, "I ſhould live to "make either of my mothers uneaſy," her ſtrength forſook her, ſhe fell at our feet—"thou picture of innocence "live to bleſs your mother, me, and "all who know you," cried the Counteſs "oh, Mrs. Hamilton, for my "ſake—for your child's ſake—ſupport "yourſelf, bear up with fortitude in

" this hour of trial—" we put the poor girl to bed with all the conſolation in our power.

The Earl left us this morning on a viſit to a friend's a few miles diſtance, the Counteſs's extreme delicacy has prevented her mentioning a word to me of what we heard in the grove, I fear my child's ſweet peace of mind is gone for ever, unhappy daughter, in that reſpect reſembling too much your loving and moſt unfortunate mother

F. HAMILTON.

LETTER XIII.

FROM THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND TO ELIZA.

THE extremity of my diſtreſs muſt plead forgiveneſs for this, my deareſt creature; Oh, Eliza you know not what I ſuffer! to ſay I barely love you, is poor to my ſoul's meaning, I know full well the tenderneſs of your heart, then harden it not I beſeech you againſt the wretched Sutherland; do you not perceive, charming maid, you are, you muſt be, the arbi-

treſs of my fate? I ſoon, very ſoon, was attached to you in the tendereſt manner—was it not viſible? ſure though my tongue the ſecret kept, my eyes proclaimed the truth: at length throwing myſelf intirely on your mercy, I intruſted you with what I could no longer attempt to conceal; your repulſe, though it was death to my hopes, ſtill made the object dearer,—ſuch exalted friendſhip to my mother, for Lady Harriet, ſuch duty and love to Mrs. Hamilton, expreſſed in the moſt obliging terms to me—I felt with all their force, they are engraven on my heart in ſuch laſting characters, that time, nor all the power of wealth will ever be able to eraſe.

In

In a ſtate almoſt of diſtraction, I this morning left Sutherland houſe, the depoſiter of my hearts beſt treaſure; though I have left it to pleaſe my friends, I cannot, will not quit the kingdom, till I hear you are perfectly recovered: this you will let me know, if you do not hate me—if you do, it matters not what becomes of wretched Sutherland.

I was tempted yeſterday, my angel, to unburthen my ſoul to our dear parents; after they had left you to reſt, I caught them in the dining room—unperceived by them, (though not my intention) I heard what paſſed: my mother was intreating Heaven for your health and

happineſs

happineſs, tenderly calling you, her dear child, her careful nurſe, her beſt phyſician, the little guardian of her health, 'till both in a fond embrace, poured their grief into each others boſom, Mrs Hamilton, faultering out at times, it was too much, too much—I was juſt, then going to throw myſelf at their feet, avow my fixed unalterable love, and implore their conſent—when my mother's heart was ſo melted for the living, might ſhe not have diſpenſed with one wiſh of my father's? what prevented me, nothing earthly could, but you, yourſelf, my better half, it was your requeſt to me, as much as poſſible to conceal it—Heavens, what a taſk! Oh, Eliza your exalted notions of

of honour, are too great, I never will be Lady Harriet's, nor would you, my deareſt creature, have me give a hand, without a heart—think of that; to your friend too! my mother will not, cannot blame us: then what ſhould concern the worthy Mrs. Hamilton? forgive me, deareſt girl, you told me this ſubject diſtreſſed you more than you could deſcribe, and does it pain you? unfortunate Sutherland, to give uneaſineſs to the woman you adore: yet, if I am not deſpiſed for God's ſake let me know how you are—may all the powers of Heaven preſerve and keep you: farewell and pity

Yours unalterably

SUTHERLAND.

LETTER XII.

LADY HARRIET TO EDWARD HAMILTON.

HIGH ho! well this is very provoking, to be obliged to write to a man, but however, what can't be cured, muſt be endured—indeed Mr. Hamilton, I know not what to ſay to your fine epiſtle, you do not conſider how it muſt affect me: how can you talk of loving me, and yet find in your heart to reveal ſuch fatal tidings? is it not the proof of that tender paſſion, to pleaſe the object

as

as much as poſſible? a pretty method you take truly—the Earl in love, and not with me—ungracious man, to attempt the diſpoſal of his heart, the legacy of his worthy father---it is not right: if it were a ſum of money, would he dare to do ſo? Oh, no, he would not, but I will have vengeance "what "rage, is equal, to a woman ſcorned--" thus then I blow him from my love for ever: nor ſhall his choice of Eliza which you perceive, I think an exceeding good one, protect him----from my moſt tender regard, beſt wiſhes, and ſtricteſt friendſhip.

And here I ſolemnly declare, I'll never wed the Earl though I muſt fear by

by keeping my promiſe, I ſhall lead apes in hell and be that dreadful thing, they call *old maid*; my father and mother will never conſent to any other match for me that's poz; don't you really think now I am in a very agreeable, pleaſant ſituation? a penny for your thoughts: if you ſay yes, I would not give a farthing for them: if you ſay no,—but what good will that do me, ſaying and doing are two things---but jeſting apart, what can we do for Eliza? ſweet girl, if I were a man---the Earl may thank his ſtars I am not; comfort her I charge you, her extreme delicacy will ſuffer any way: unhappy for us all, the good old man did not yield up his breath ſome hours ſooner, it was very wrong

wrong to let him ſpeak ſo much, it is a great fault indeed, I am not much addicted to it—am I?

But all this while, I never conſider the motive of my writing to you, and that you will not anſwer the incloſed, till you get this: carefully treaſure up Eliza's letter to you, it has received no damage from me—Heaven's! how can I return the obligations that beſt of friends has heaped on,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant

HARRIET LYSTER.

LETTER XIII.

THE EARL OF SUTHERLAND TO MR. BLUNDELL.

MY dear Blundell, it is as you ſuſpected—more than my life I love her, almoſt without hope—hope did I ſay—no, while there is life, there are hopes: did you but ſee her, the loveliеſt of her ſex! formed beyond imagination, her perſon graceful—manners ſo bewitching—languiſhing blue eyes—her voice! harmony itſelf, oh Blundell, her whole behaviour beyond deſcription:

charming

charming Eliza, you muſt, you ſhall be mine !

" Part of myſelf, I ſeek thee, and thee claim
" My better half."

On my arrvial at Sutherland houſe, I found my dear mother, much recovered—you know how I love and reverence that beſt of parent ; her maternal care and kindneſs, demands all my attention : when I expreſſed my joy on the happy change, ſhe bade me thank her two friends, her worthy Mrs. Hamilton, and Eliza " But I fear" ſaid ſhe " my dear girl, may be a ſufferer from " her tenderneſs to me, as ſhe never " left me late or early ; through her

" assiduity I am, under God, restored
" to you my son, dear image of your
" poor father, or perhaps by this I
" should have lain by him, *where the*
" *wicked cease from troubling*"—" I
" cannot bear this, madam, let me
" thank your kind preservers" cried I with emotion, when turning round I saw the lovely girl in tears, " thus" said I " let me wipe those pearly drops
" from the hand, that so kindly con-
" tributed to all our happiness" I pressed it to my lips, the gentle pressure made her just then pale cheeks glow with confusion—oh Blundell, such alternate charms—in pity to her I quit her trembling hand, though with such a reluctancy I never felt before, and

approached

approached her mother, "madam" ſaid I, "you have been indeed a bleſſing to "me, a double bleſſing by means of "that excellent young Lady" "my "Lord" replied ſhe, "my Eliza's "virtues fill my heart with gladneſs— "at leaſt as much as I am now cap- "able of taſting" as ſhe ſpoke this, ſhe ſeemed greatly affected and I turned to ſpeak to her charming daughter— who while I was in diſcourſe with her mother had ſlipt out of the room, "I "do wrong" ſaid the Counteſs, "to "talk this way, before that dear girl, "her extreme delicacy makes her un- "able to bear it—innate worth ſhrinks "at its own praiſe, and her ſincere "love for me, has been put to the teſt

" but out of the fulneſs of the heart, " the mouth ſpeaketh, " Beſt of " women, and of friends" cried Mrs. Hamilton, " Heaven preſerve you long " to us, and ſure it is a ſelfiſh prayer, " but"—Eliza entering put a ſtop to the converſation, which was now becoming tender to a degree—ſhe performed the duties of the tea table.

She has entirely the management of the houſe, which ſhe does, like every thing elſe, to admiration: the ſervants ſhew their regard by their quick and chearful obedience; the poor load her with bleſſings, ſhe is the darling of Sutherland place—oh Blundell, how was ſhe formed ſo different from her ſex?

ſex? where did I leave off? what more can I tell you now, but that I watched a favourable opportunity to declare my love—but gueſs my confuſion when ſhe begged I would never ſpeak to her on that ſubject more, as ſhe earneſtly hoped to ſee my father's dying wiſh take place, adding, ſhe knew it was her dear Counteſs's earneſt deſire; and congratulated me on their happy choice—at every interview of the kind, ſhe ſhines more and more upon me.

Do not expect to ſee me exactly at the time; I am at preſent on a viſit at a friend's in the neighbourhood, from whence I have diſpatched a letter, to the

the miſtreſs of my fate, if ſhe ſhould be ill. My head—my heart—I am not well. Adieu,

Yours ſincerely,

SUTHERLAND.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

EDWARD TO ELIZA.

I HOPE this will find my dear ſiſter better in health and ſpirits, than her laſt favour indicated, if you love your mother the counteſs, and me, you will endeavour to be well; ſurely, Eliza, you have no cauſe for grief; to blame yourſelf is, I think, unpardonable do not then, as you value all our peace: for what of us all, can be eaſy, if you are ſad?

Is

Is it unnatural, or the object unworthy that the Earl ſhould be guilty of a fault, in loving you?—for my part I think quite the reverſe, his mother's darling, as you are, why ſhould he of all mankind be blind to your perfections? I think you ſeem deſigned, by Heaven for each other.

The Counteſs is certainly a woman of more underſtanding than to let the words of a dying man, amidſt pain and anguiſh, unable to judge for his ſon's happineſs, bias her in ſuch an important affair.

A moment's reflection convinces us daily of the impropriety of ſuch a requeſt; Lady Harriet undoubtedly is an all

all accompliſhed young Lady, but Lady Harriet is not beloved by him; he has but one heart, if he had two the other might be hers: how much better then for her to wed the man of her own choice, one whoſe higheſt ambition would be, to prefer her to all the world?

Is it not the convenient, obedient matches that are daily made, which make the married ſtate often ſo unfortunate? could your wiſh then, my dear, take place (which would make the Earl ſink vaſtly in my eſteem) how could you anſwer it to the Counteſs, to your friend, to his Lordſhip, for ſuch proceedings? could you conſent

to

to Lady Harriet's, at beſt ſharing her huſband's heart? could he be happy in ſuch a marriage as this, and of courſe if he were not, could the Counteſs, your mother too, be a happy ſpectator of all this miſery, occaſioned by what—her daughter's over ſcrupulous honour? and what unmeaſured grief would be in ſtore for me! think of all thoſe this my dear, how much our poor mother wants conſolation, and how muſt wring her tender heart!—your being indiſpoſed.

I diſpatch this in haſte, to give you comfort, I hope my deareſt Eliza, will give me the ſame by her anſwer. I need

need not assure you how sincerely I am now and at all times

Your most loving

And affectionate brother,

EDWARD HAMILTON.

LETTER XV.

MRS. HAMILTON TO EDWARD.

I THANK you my dear child, for your affectionate and dutiful letter, it was a reviving cordial to my faint heart, but you put every thing in the moſt favourable light: indeed Edward they have to me a very different appearance—to think of the friend I am the moſt beholden to upon earth, afflicted as the worthy Counteſs muſt be, at her ſon's unhappy paſſion; why did I write to him? did not my letter

letter haſten him to town? my innocent child—why did ſhe pleaſe him?

I can now account for her illneſs. Oh my heart, familiarized as you are to grief, this has been truly a bitter pang; for myſelf I feel not, but her, the Counteſs, Lady Harriet—it is, it is too much: cruel Colonel! did you but ſee me, in this labyrinth of woe would you not relent: how could you leave me, leave me for whom! for one perhaps that ſecretly deſpiſes you, even when you are moſt fond; ſhould you be ill, which Heaven forbid, would ſhe take care of you like me, comfort you, conſole you, watch by you, pray by you—would you not miſs your Fanny? if you have

children, are they like mine? do you careſs them ſo, hug them by turns as you uſed my too cruel—cruel man? can you, do you beſtow a thought on me or mine, your widowed wife, your poor forſaken children? who would have thought the day you firſt called me yours, you would have ſerved me thus. Heaven only knows how dear, alas, even now you are to me! could I but ſee you, would you but come again to me, to Edward and Eliza, with open arms I would receive you: my ſtreaming tears! your unhappy mother, my child, is born to affliction as the ſparks fly upwards.

Finding myſelf weak and faint I went

went into Eliza's room for the hartſhorn, on the ground juſt by her chair, I ſaw a paper, it was from the Earl who left us laſt Monday, it was diſpatched from — hall were he now viſits, if there is truth in man he loves her, I fear too well for all our peace—ſuch tender proteſtations, ſuch engaging arguments, oh, my child, you have felt them—the paper ſhews it—the Counteſs is diſtreſſed, I caught her in tears, I could not be blind to the cauſe, my heart bleeds within me.

Both their ſtruggles are extreme, I fear Eliza tries to appear better than ſhe is, I believe the Counteſs thinks ſo too, I often catch her in the moſt affec-

tionate manner gazing at her: if it had pleaſed Heaven to have ſpared the old Earl with ſuch an advocate my child might now be happy; but as it is, what proſpect has ſhe before her? miſery I fear, the amiable youth! what can he do, let this be a leſſon to you my ſon, guard your heart, beſtow it not till your reaſon convince you of the propriety of ſo doing.

I am pleaſed with the account I hear of you, tortured as I am in my mind, I am thankful for your happineſs, your diligence and good behaviour, you will reap the benefit of it my child! be well aſſured that peace from within, is more to be deſired than the greateſt earthly bleſſing,

bleſſing. I muſt ſtill caution you to be careful in your choice of company: many a well diſpoſed youth has been led aſtray by this one misfortune, it muſt have been ſome wicked acquaintance, ſome falſe friend, that prevailed on your poor father, or ſure he never would have forgot his tender ties at home, of wife and children, ſo long married, ſo happy—but I am only afflicting you with a repetition of my grief! that you may be virtuous wife, and good, prays, my dear Edward,

Your truly loving and affectionate

Mother,

F. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

MY deareſt creature, the ſecret is out—Lord I can ſcarce breathe with hurrying to inform you of it—know then—but firſt are you out of patience? I know not how to begin, her ladyſhip and I have had rubbers, you aſk the reaſon to be ſure, very natural; or I ſhould think you had no curioſity, and if no curioſity, I ſhould abſolutely hate you; why then my dear, the thing is,

we

we differ in our ſentiments concerning love, now you think you have it, for once then you are miſtaken, there's a deal to follow; ſhe told me no Lady ought to love one man, better than another before marriage, there was ſomething in that thought that ſhocked me, with more ſincerity than diſcretion I replied, I imagined it proved rather a want of delicacy in a woman to ſhare the fortune of a man, for whom ſhe felt no tender ſenſation—rouſed by my daring to contradict her, even in thought; ſhe ſtarted up, caught me by the ſhoulder, and darting a furious look turned me out of her dreſſing room, which by the way, is her favourite apartment you are to know, there are two very

very large mirrors placed oppoſite each other where her Ladyſhip can contemplate her figure, front and rear, and to ſpeak truth ſhe never neglects to pay her adoration to that form, which where not diſguiſed by paſſion is rather agreeable: as you have never ſeen her I am tempted to give you her portrait; well then, black eyes, what care I for the moſt penetrating, if void of ſweetneſs, her complexion, fair and clear but pale, her hair black, her brow without the leaſt arch, except when elevated by haughtineſs, her ſtature above the middle ſize, extremely well ſhaped, a fine fall in her ſhoulders, and conſcious ſhe is, the world ſpeak truth, when they pronounce her a genteel woman

man; ſo much for mama's perſon and now my dear comes the ſecret; the Earl is looked upon, as the deſtined huſband of your Harriet whether I like him or no, or perhaps like another better, it is no matter my uncle requeſted it might be ſo, and his dying words has great effect, our eſtates are contiguous, what cares Harriet, there may be one, at this preſent writing has ſupplanted his Lordſhip in my affections—now none of your gueſs to find out this incog; but hark, you muſt not deſpiſe him, for wanting that trifling feather a title, when his ſoul is adorned with every requiſite, to conſtitute the felicity of your Harriet, who has ſufficient gayety in his diſpoſition to like

thoſe little ſallies, he would ſo often meet in mine, good ſenſe, good temper and humanity, are viſibly pictured in his countenance, I think I will not deſcribe his perſon, it matters not, whether he is tall or ſhort, fat or lean, I ſee no occaſion to raiſe admiration too much on the occaſion; for poſitively you muſt look elſe where, but you are too good to chuſe, except the happy man pointed out by the beſt of mothers, however do not blame the flippant,

But affectionate,

HARRIET LYSTER.

P. S. I'll not have the Earl my dear—that's poſitive.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

WHAT a lively creature is my Harriet, happy beyond the reach of art in her charming agreeable ſpirits! may they long continue; I fear you have ſome difficulties to encounter! oh, my dear do not engage your heart; where can you beſtow it, ſo deſervedly as on the Earl? you prefer another; becauſe his Lordſhip is but ſlightly known: you generally approved my taſte;

why do you doubt it now? I take particular notice of every look and action ſince I find his intended lady, to be my Harriet; let not his partiality to me, leſſen him in your good opinion; had you been preſent, I ſhould have paſt unnoticed—if any thing I may have imprudently but innocently ſaid, with regard to myſelf hurt him in your good opinion, think what I muſt ſuffer; I much fear it has by your not taking the leaſt notice of that part of my letter; this thought diſtracts me; be aſſured I ſhall prevent his having any opportunity of ſpeaking on a ſubject I look on as highly improper; he is to be the huſband of my Harriet; may you both be happy prays,

Yours

ELIZA HAMILTON.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

AMEN to your ſweet prayer, my dear! happineſs to us both, the way we chuſe it! his Lordſhip with his lovey, I with mine; I find myſelf more determined, in my ſpark's favor than ever; I can't help telling you, that you are a dear provoking creature; what? want me to have two at a time! I that have a little conſcience, think it, by half to many, and am ſorry to find you

ſo unreaſonable; for I have placed my affections upon one ſo firm, that, all the rhetoric of my pretty Eliza, or the united world can never remove them; what a fund of converſation I ſhall afford the miſſes; how pretty creatures, they will threaten and ſcandalize your Harriet, if ſhe ſteals from her window or deſcends the garden wall, or any thing elſe becoming a heroine in romance; I verily think I am approaching faſt to that charming character, but oh, my Eliza how the creatures will fret, hold down their heads and bite their lips, when we blaze in upon them in all the ſplendor and beauty of a bride and bridegroom! with my head full of ſuch delightful proſpects you wonder

wonder I don't take particular notice of your love affair; I'll tell you the reaſon in a twinkling, becauſe I am deeply engaged in one of my own; take care don't make me begin, or *en verite* you ſhall have enough of it! to be ſure it is ſomewhat ſtrange that his Lordſhip ſhould fall deſperately in love, when, not his ſtars, but a parcel of old folks would have it otherwiſe; oh my refractory lord, upon my life 'tis very laughable; as to his character, child, every one has heard of that; he is counted an honor to nobility; pray who that knows my aunt can be ſurprized ſhe ſhould have a ſon to inherit her many virtues? come my dear, when the ſubject's ſerious, I can blow away my vi-

vacity; would you could catch hopes of your doing well: which be assured is the sincere wish of,

Your's,

HARRIET LYSTER.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

HAPPY for you, my dear girl you are not at Sutherland Place; your charming ſpirits I fear would fail you, tender as you are; you could not bear to ſee us ſinking to our native earth; the moſt dreadful deſtroyer has laid hold on your poor Eliza; I apprehend the cruelty of my father will ſoon deprive me of the beſt of mothers! the pale cheek, and languiſhing eye, declare

clare her approaching danger; yet ſhe complains not; her ſoul is above this world; the latter part of her journey has been a diſmal pilgrimage, but ſhe has been bleſt with patience under her ſufferings; ſhe pities me Harriet, from her heart ſhe pities me, her maternal love often ſtealing to her eyes! then raiſing them to Heaven, implores its mercy on her unhappy child—my dear Edward how ſhould we ſupport ſo ſevere an affliction; the worthy Counteſs laments my dear mother's melancholy ſituation, and feels for me; her exalted friendſhip is again put to a ſore trial; ſhe ſtudies relief, ſhe offers conſolation, her riſing ſorrow, viſibly labouring in her tender breaſt, diſſolved in tears! the

Counteſs

Counteſs found me in my room, "what (ſaid ſhe) my dear child, is there any freſh cauſe for fears?" weeping, ſhe looked wiſhfully at the letter I was writing; ever ready to oblige her I gave it into her hand, ſhe took it up and turned to the window, her handkerchief often at her eyes, when ſhe had read it "Heaven direct me (ſaid ſhe) for the beſt—Oh my dear Lord, if you were alive now ſurely"—ſhe ſtopped and looking tenderly at me, claſped me to her boſom, "what would I give Eliza, I could make "you happy" madam, ſaid I, almoſt diſtracted, have you no hopes of her? "yes my deareſt creature your mother may yet recover;" I preſſed her hand in extacy; ſhe told me ſhe had a letter from a

Dr.

Dr.—the moſt eminent phyſician in England, he ſtrongly recommended the Bath waters to your mother and you, this being the very ſeaſon; we will go immediately; the ſudden tranſition from deſpair to hope, almoſt left me ſenſeleſs, unable to ſpeak to my kind benefactreſs, I ſunk in her arms, her tears and ſalts ſoon recovered me; my dear Eliza ſhould your mother ſurpriſe us, could ſhe ſupport this tender ſcene, exert yourſelf then my precious girl, for her—for my ſake; when you are ſufficiently compoſed we will go down together and make her acquainted with our intended journey. Mrs. Hamilton will not be againſt going, ſince your health is concerned; my dear mama received

the

the news, as ſhe does every thing from her friend with gratitude, when I was mentioned; "that's enough madam, to the furtheſt part of the globe for her, would I go with pleaſure" they looked at each other I thought with meaning, your child's happineſs is as dear to me, as my ſon's, ſaid the Counteſs; my face was all in a glow, "Heaven reward you madam ſaid my mother your care of us will meet it there;" be aſſured Mrs. Hamilton this is the only method you can take to diſoblige me, have not I had ſufficient proof of both your regards! preſſing both our hands, did not you ſnatch me from the yawning grave? how would my dear huſband have thanked you both for this; I muſt in-

vite

vite our dear Edward to be of the party —ſo, ſay no more, but let us think of making preparations for this excurſion; I will not apologize to you my dea Harriet for this melancholy epiſtle, bu will ſend you the tale I promiſed, to amuſe you, 'till my brother pays you a viſit in his road here; you mentioned that you were going to London for the winter, the Counteſs begs you will diſpoſe of the encloſed note for an hundred pounds in charity--as ſoon as my brother can be with us, we ſhall leave this, for Bath, Heaven proſper our deſign—prays

Yours ſincerely,

ELIZA HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XX.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

I AM exceedingly happy at the thoughts of your viſiting Bath this ſeaſon, and make no doubt but you'll ſoon perceive the good effect of the waters; papa, mama, and your humble ſervant are making all neceſſary preparations for our journey to dear delightful London—there's abſolutely muſic in the ſound—I am all in tune—and am

determined nothing ſhall interrupt the harmony of my ſpirits.

When her ladyſhip frowns, I ſmile--when ſhe's peeviſh I am harmonious—we make the moſt agreeable contraſt—my dear, Bath will certainly reſtore your mama and you to new life—the thoughts of London, without any recommendation from the faculty have added ſuch a glow to my features and luſtre to my eyes, that I am this minute in perfect health and beauty—How I pity thoſe poor unfortunate ſwains that muſt be captivated at my appearance—the ſplendor of beauty, equipage and dreſs are you know Eliza reſiſtleſs charms—then her ladyſhip ſpares no

coſt

coſt to ſet me off to the greateſt advantage—to do her juſtice, ſhe is never ſo happy as when her Harriet is the object of admiration—then ſhe looks ſo kind and ſpeaks of her daughter with ſuch apparent ſatisfaction — I could almoſt forgive her ſome of her teazings—what a fooliſh fellow my ſpark is, not to throw himſelf by ſome lucky chance in my way, while I am in this obliging, forgiving temper—mercy, my dear, your brother, who would have thought of him—is juſt ſtepping into the parlour; apropos, keep your legendary tale, till I return to Wormwood Hall, as indeed I want the aſſiſtance of my dear Eliza to make this place of horror tolerable—to

be ſure it will be poſſible enough now that Mr. Hamilton is here—I like him for his near relationſhip to the ſiſter of my heart—to whom I ſhall this inſtant bid a ſhort adieu.

HARRIET LYSTER.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

FATIGUED to death, I cannot help taking up my pen to inform my dear Eliza, we are all ſafe and well—her ladyſhip in high good humour, and your Harriet warbling as blythe as a bird—juſt ready to ſtep into her carriage, drive to the mercers and tumble over half an hundred pieces of ſilk before dinner. I ſhall leave you for a while

till I give you an account of my finery.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

Oh! Eliza, I have had ſuch an adventure, it has lowered my ſpirits for the day—mama being rather indiſpoſed after her journey, I went on the important buſineſs I mentioned to you alone—However, changing my mind, which is common with us females, I choſe firſt to go to my milliners, and accordingly gave orders to drive to Mrs. Friendly's in Taviſtock-ſtreet; ſhe was as obliging as ever; but I could perceive an air of melancholy cloud her once chearful countenance—imagining it proceeded from the general calamity,

want

want of money, I determined to give her her full price for her goods, and inſtantly reſolved to purchaſe more than I at firſt intended—I therefore began to praiſe them with the greateſt affability, and even feigned a ſurpriſe ſhe could afford to ſell them ſo cheap—when a young gentleman came into the ſhop—made a genteel bow, and gave her ſuch a look of diſtreſs, as while I breathe, I ſhall never forget—I inſtantly turned to Mrs. Friendly—ſhe was in tears—"Good heaven," ſaid I with eagerneſs, "what is the matter?" The gentleman had haſtened up to his apartment. As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe informed me, that he and the moſt lovely creature ſhe ever was acquainted with.

with, had almoſt broke her heart by their misfortunes—her tears ſtreamed afreſh—ſhe had a large family of her own. I was all anxiety and curioſity —when the beforementioned gentleman ruſhed in pale as death, his hair diſordered. "My wife, madam," ſaid he—he could hardly breathe. "Come," ſaid I, "Mrs. Friendly, where is ſhe," I flew without any invitation, we were ſoon in her chamber. Oh, Eliza, the beautiful, the lovely ſufferer had fainted; her grandmother bending with age and affliction was endeavouring—her dim eyes ſtreaming with tears, have I lived to this hour, my child, the darling of my heart, the ſupport of my life, my Emily that my ſoul doated on

---to

---to have her expire in thoſe feeble arms! "Madam, madam, exclaimed the diſtracted huſband, "there's madneſs in the thought"—I gave immediate orders to an attendant to order one of my ſervants to drive directly for Dr. -----, in the mean while, I kneeled by Emily, I chafed her temples and held my hartſhorn to her noſe. I could not perceive her breathe. I put my lips to her cold cheek, I bedewed it with my tears —live, ſaid I, your misfortunes makes you dear to me---lovely creature what would I give to reſtore you to health and happineſs!

The doctor very happily was at home ---he

---he hurried to us as fast as possible---she was a long time before we could bring her in the least to herself---the doctor thought it absolutely necessary to bleed her---I held her head in my bosom---they could not well dispense with my presence---I had like to faint ---the doctor ordered some medicines, and to supply her, as often as we could prevail on her, to take comfortable refreshment—he said she was a very delicate lady, and required the greatest care. "Lady Harriet" said Mrs. Friendly to me, in a low voice, "they have "neither wine nor money in their pos-"session," I thanked her for the hint, and immediately feed the doctor, requesting the greatest attention to his patient—

assuring

aſſuring me, he would do all in his power---made his bow and retired---I gave Mrs. Friendly five guineas; this for the preſent, ſaid I, get whatever is neceſſary: the good ſoul how ſhe bleſſed me, I ordered ſome jellies to be brought from the firſt paſtrycook's; I then had ſome warmed, and kneeling by the bedſide prevailed on the beautiful patient to ſwallow half a glaſs; my attention did not ſtop here, for my heart died within me at the old lady's diſtreſs, I wept, I told her ſhe muſt not refuſe me, I held ſome to her, I mingled my tears with her's; age in affliction is not to be borne: ſhe ſaid I was kind, ſhe ſtrove to oblige me, Emily's husband was pouring out his

ſoul

ſoul on her hand, I thought it was glued to his lips. You have ſuffered a great deal, Sir, ſaid I, let your amiable wife ſee you take ſome jelly, I know it will do her good---ſhe gave a faint ſmile---he claſped his hands---"I will my Emily"--he took it, but hardly could get it down---looking at my watch I found I had conſiderably out-ſtaid my time---taking Emily's hand I preſſed it to my heart---I have one friend, ſaid I, that my life is not dearer to me---but yet I am ambitious of another, ſhe will love you, you muſt be our Emily. She looked delightfully languiſhing; I beſeeched the old lady to take comfort and telling her and the young gentleman, I ſhould be a frequent viſitor,

was

was obliged to hurry home with my head and heart full of this adventure—I have found a depoſit for my worthy aunt's note. I cannot help thanking the Almighty, for giving me the ability and will to relieve the unfortunate

HARRIET LYSTER.

LETTER XXII.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

INDEED, my dear creature, you cannot conceive how your laſt (of which my brother was the bearer) has affected me; I ſympathize with you in your feelings for the lovely unfortunate Emily; ſuch ſhe muſt be, by your account: how happy ſhould I be to relieve you in your attention to the afflicted; but that a beloved parent's weak-

weakneſs is ever in need of my aſſiſtance: however, I have paid the tributary tear to her diſtreſs; I don't know whether my Harriet is of the ſame opinion I have ſomewhere met with, that age muſt be ſo inured to misfortunes, our Maker in compaſſion bluntеth the edge of ſenſibility: however by what you ſay of the old lady, ſhe ſeems too ſenſibly to retain the finer feelings. When they have time for recollection, how they muſt bleſs my Harriet, unknown, unthought of, holding out the friendly hand of comfort, at a time I imagine when they expected none; your letter has diſcovered a ſecret of my brother's: oh, my Harriet, Edward is not happy---take it---as it hap-

pened---diſſolved in tears he ſurpriſed me in the drawing room, where being alone I was indulging a melancholy pleaſure, as if the addition of my grief could mitigate theirs; your letter was in my hand, I was ſo intent I did not perceive him for ſome time, when with the moſt dejected countenance, he tenderly aſked me the cauſe of my emotion--this letter--ſaid I. "From whom? Eliza?" Lady Harriet, my Edward--oh, my ſiſter, his voice faultered---his whole frame was in the moſtviolent agitation--"what misfortune happened to her, "that idol of my ſoul---I left her well "and lovely, too lovely." She is well, ſaid I, indeed ſhe is. "You have "given me life," ſaid he. But ſatisfy your-

yourſelf; giving him your letter---
" You were always kind, my ſiſter;"
he ſtept to the window---what different
paſſions worked in his breaſt, with pity
for the diſtreſt. I could perceive it in his
ſympathizing eye, when with admiration
of my Harriet, he broke out in rap-
ture;—" Lovely creature, beſt of wo-
" men, moſt wretched of men!" The
Earl came in at that inſtant—" May
" I," ſaid he, " enquire into the cauſe
" of your uneaſineſs? you never ſhall
" be wretched if in Sutherland's power
" to prevent." " My lord," ſaid my
brother, " I want impoſſibilities---I
" adore the author of this epiſtle, and
" diſtraction is in the thought, I know

" the family contract." My lord juſt looked for the name, when embracing my brother. " Come," ſaid he, " in-" to my library, and be acquainted " with the utmoſt ambition of Suther-" land." Then approaching me with his uſual addreſs, he tenderly preſſed my hand to his lips : " Here let me re-" peat my unalterable paſſion. Never " will I reſign this hand but with life ; " my angelic charmer how lovely in " your tears."

I bluſhed—my brother, my lord attends you ; he bowed, retired, and I haſtened up to my pen ; poor Edward, my heart bleeds for him, what would

would become of him if he knew your affections were engaged; what ſhall I do, how ſhall I act? my amiable valuable friend inſtruct your

ELIZA.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

AH, my dear Eliza, is not your brother happy? in my opinion none can deſerve better that ineſtimable bleſſing. I thought from ſome particular circumſtances that happened while I was laſt at Wormwood Hall, which is but juſt a month, that he was much diſpleaſed at your Harriet's behaviour: I cannot bear deceit, therefore (for he owned

owned as he termed it, his hopeleſs paſſion) the tender feelings that he inſpired, muſt certainly have appeared in my tell-tale eyes: knowing the deſire of ſome of the family, that a marriage between the earl and me ſhould take place and being not at my own free diſpoſal. I know her ladyſhip would reject an angel, without a title; there can be no other objection; but what pride muſt ſuggeſt to Mr. Hamilton: my fortune being ſufficient to bleſs any pair of rational beings in the univerſe. I dont imagine the earl will be able to conceal his *tendre* much longer, I hope not, as we muſt wait with patience for that grand event. Mrs. Beaumont

is very poorly, but lovely as an angel, I perceive ſhe's in a fair way of encreaſing her family: they are deſerving creatures; when ſhe is able, ſhe has promiſed to let me into her little hiſtory, which I did not wiſh, as her words were accompanied with tears—we have a thouſand invitations, I could very readily diſpenſe with accepting them, if her ladyſhip would permit it, I am not in ſpirits, a ſigh frequently eſcapes me: high ho! her ladyſhip ſummons me, I ſhall not have time to dreſs; I hate to ſpend a long time at my toilet—I ſhall read over your laſt, while under the hand of Monſieur Frizure. I ſhall not conclude this now

as

as I intend to give you an account of the company.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

Well, my dear, faithful to my promiſe, I take up my pen to perform it: at the proper time her ladyſhip and your humble ſervant ſtept into our carriage in all the power of dreſs, and drove to Lord Melvin's, Soho Square, where we were moſt agreeably and politely entertained by Lady Melvin. She had a very ſplendid rout, I was particularly taken notice of being quite *nouvelle*.

There was a beautiful young creature, who attracted every eye, the lovely

Lady

Lady Bloomfield, charming and elegant beyond deſcription; at my approach every gentleman ſeemed to envy her happy lord—every woman forgot that paſſion in admiration—his lordſhip is in every reſpect a very pleaſing man, his affection for his lady, though unfaſhionable is ſo conſpicuous, it gains him univerſal eſteem.

A communicative young lady gave me the following account of their courtſhip:—his lordſhip paid his addreſſes and was well received by the young lady's mother, her father being dead ſome years; when a proper time had elapſed and every requiſite ſettled,

a beau-

a beautiful young creature viſited the young lady, her perſon little, but exquiſitely pleaſing, and one of thoſe innocent faces that warms the affection; ſhe was dreſſed in the moſt elegant diſabile, her gown and coat white lutestring trimmed with gauze; white ſattin ſlippers on the prettieſt foot in the world, a moſt becoming morning cap, with a white faſhionable hat and cloak of the ſame innocent complexion, ſhe had with her a blooming boy—a little cupid with his mother Venus.

She was readily admitted and ſhewn into the parlour to the two ladies, after introducing herſelf with all the eaſe

and politeneſs that naturally ariſe from an improved education; in a flood of tears ſhe acquainted them that nothing but the ſtrongeſt engagement to Lord Bloomfield, ſhould have induced her to act as ſhe now did, thinking herſelf bound in duty, to that dear pledge of his lordſhip's former affection—to regain that wandering heart—which undoubtedly ſhe had the beſt right in the world to.

The ladies were all attention—the alarmed mother requeſted her fair viſitor would reveal all ſhe knew of his lordſhip—the daughter ſat trembling—her boſom throbbing with all the tender anxiety of a refined and injured affection.

The

The lady then in all the pathetic beauty of diſorder informed them, that her father was curate in ——ſhire, he had a large family, could therefore give the females no fortunes—he endeavoured by improving their mind and enlarging their underſtanding to make them ſenſible, agreeable women —my father was particularly careful of our company, we viſited ſome very genteel families; my father prided himſelf much in his three girls, as if he could give us thouſands: at one of our neighbours ſeats I unfortuately met Lord Bloomfield.

Her tears ſtreamed at the recollection of former ſcenes—the young lady

wept at the repetition of a name that ſhe felt was dear to her, and the afflicted mother unable to conſole her beloved daughter, could not ſilence nature, but gave way to her maternal feelings.

After a little refreſhment, which they all ſtood very much in need of—the fair viſitor reſumed the thread of her diſcourſe; ſhe then informed them Lord Bloomfield ſoon became very much enamoured with her. I own, ſaid ſhe, caſting down her languiſhing blue eyes, he was never diſagreeable to me; by the moſt aſſiduous attention, he entirely engaged my affection, he ſwore his paſſion for me could only ceaſe with

with his exiſtence; he aſſured me, I had it in my power to lay him under an everlaſting obligation, that he had particular family reaſons for wiſhing to conceal his attachment until after the celebration of our nuptials, which if I would give him leave to eſcort me to London, ſhould be inſtantly performed. Being of a generous unſuſpecting diſpoſition, my heart beat with delight at having it in my power to oblige the man I loved, and in whom I placed all my future happineſs-----I ſoon found an opportunity to accompany his lordſhip: what reluctance I felt at leaving my father's ſoon vaniſhed at the pleaſing proſpect he drew of my approaching happineſs, and the

delight it muſt give my dear father and ſiſters—but alas! ladies, his lordſhip fruſtrated my dreams of bliſs; ſuffice it to ſay, that when I preſented him with this charming boy, he renewed his former proteſtations, when juſt as I was raiſed from the grave to new life —his lordſhip became acquainted here (burſting into tears) and here I loſt him.

I ſoon perceived his chilling coldneſs —while careleſs indifference was all the return I met to my moſt tender endearments—giving me a ſmall remittance, he bid me take care of the boy, to live frugal and he would provide for me; but from this inſtant all fu-

ture

ture connexion muſt ceaſe, as he was on the point of marriage. He abſolutely left me in a ſtate of delirium.

As ſoon as I was able to ſtep into a carriage, I determined to lay my whole melancholy detail before you, and to requeſt pardon for the trouble I have given.

They not only aſſured her of their forgiveneſs and ſincereſt compaſſion, but that his lordſhip ſhould never be permitted to be related in that family.

After receiving all the ſatisfaction from thoſe amiable ladies, ſhe departed—leaving them involved in the keen-

eſt

eſt affliction—The young ladies diſtreſs is much eaſier conceived than deſcribed—her tender mother took every maternal prudent method to comfort her beloved daughter. She determined immediately to ſee his lordſhip, to rebuke him ſeverely, and deſire he would deſiſt from his viſits.

Accordingly in a few hours, the old lady, unattended by her daughter waited on his lordſhip—in as few words as poſſible ſhe related to him, what paſt in the morning, aſſuring his lordſhip ſhe hoped to do better for her daughter than beſtow her on a perſon already engaged. She haſtily roſe, wiſhed him

him good evening and left his lordſhip almoſt delirious.

In this diſtracted ſtate of mind he wrote ſeveral letters juſtifying his conduct, but not one word the old lady returned.

When his lordſhip found every effort ineffectual to come to an explanation, and drove to deſperation, he determined to put a ſcheme into execution, that he was ſure, by throwing him in the ladies way, and alarming their delicacy might have the deſired effect, and produce a ſpeedy reconciliation—he therefore diſpatched his valet to the lady's woman, that he had buſineſs of conſequence

ſequence with her immediately—— proud of the honour, Mrs. Mary waited on his lordſhip—when by a bit of paper (value 100l.) he prevailed with her to convey home his night cloaths, ſlippers, morning gown, &c. but above all to admit his lordſhip when the family were in bed. All this ſhe ſtrictly complied with. He was according to his wiſhes permitted to ſpend the remainder of the night by the drawing room fire.

As ſoon as Mrs. Mary left him, candles, wine, &c. &c. and left him to his meditations—the firſt thing he did when alone, was to put on his night gown, cap and ſlippers, throwing his things

things careleſsly about the room; in the morning Mrs. Mary admitted ſeveral trades-people his lordſhip had ordered to attend him—he determined to keep them till the ladies made their appearance.

What pen can paint their aſtoniſhment, when they entered the apartment? His lordſhip ſeized the young lady's hand, who trembling, confuſed—not knowing what ſhe did, permitted him to lead her to a chair; then paying his reſpects with all the addreſs imaginable to the old lady, who determined not to leave her daughter—he preſented ſome beautiful jewels to lady Bloomfield (as he actually called her) not

not waiting her anſwer, he paid for them immediately, Mr Brilliant aſſuring him he could have ſold them the evening before to a nobleman, but that, his Lordſhip had beſpoke them to come home that morning to his lady: when Mr. Brilliant withdrew, his Lordſhip threw himſelf at the Ladies feet; telling them, he had no other way left to juſtify his conduct to the idol of his heart, his letters being returned unopened: while he was on his knees, the muſic, drums, &c. were before the door, undreſt as he was, he flew to his window, threw up the ſaſh, and was profuſe of his caſh, which gained the young couple a thouſand bleſſings, his attention was called off, by the young lady

lady fainting in her mother's arms—with all the tender endearments of love, he brought her to herſelf—having liberty to come to an explanation, they breakfaſted — the young lady ſcarce able to ſupport herſelf, her delicacy being, if poſſible, ſuperior to her beauty—prudence whiſpered to the old lady, that the ſooner the nuptials could be performed privately, the better—love hinted ſomething exactly of the ſame nature to the heart, of her beauteous bluſhing daughter and confidence, with a thouſand other attendants ſparkled in his lordſhip's eyes.

He told them, the woman who had interrupted their happineſs, was an ex-

travagant abandoned creature; after the boy was born, which he believed to be his, he had made ſeveral attempts to ſettle her in ſome buſineſs, having no further connexion with her—ſhe conſtantly ſpent thoſe ſupplies he gave her for that purpoſe. On hearing of his courtſhip, her demands became exorbitant, and his lordſhip refuſed to anſwer them, upon which, by ſome means or other, ſhe got admittance into his preſence, where with all the impudence imaginable, ſhe told him, ſhe would inſtantly put a ſtop to his courtſhip; this ſhe had often threatened, and accordingly paid the ladies the viſit beforementioned.

A recon-

A reconciliation was now effectually brought about—every proper ſtep was taken to perform the ceremony immediately.

The old lady could not forbear ſmiling, when ſhe heard the bells ring, his lordſhip gave an arch look, his face glowing with rapture "No power on "earth ſhould make me reſign this "charming creature, ſeizing the lady's "hand, and now madam, producing a "ſpecial licence, there is nothing to de-"lay the ceremony;" the old lady could hardly conceal her ſatisfaction, and aſſured his lordſhip if her daughter's ſpirits were ſufficiently recovered towards evening, ſhe had no objection.

The young lady bluſhed; "My angel, ſaid he, the papers will anticipate my wiſhes, I have taken care to have our marriage advertiſed before this —I ſhould be the happieſt man in England, if I did not feel, for your bewitching confuſion--my whole life ſhall be ſpent in ſtudying the felicity of yours —this little plot cannot, muſt not give offence to my fair, as ſtratagem in love is allowable as well as in war." In ſhort, my dear Eliza, the evening crowned his hopes, and bleſt him with his beloved, his amiable wife.

Well, my dear, how do you like this lord? for my part I abſolutely love the man; but I cannot conceal my penchant

penchant from his lady, as ſhe wiſhes to engroſs his whole heart—in exchange for hers, what a packet have I wrote; may we be as happy as lady Bloomfield when we change our ſingle ſtate, is the ſincere wiſh of your

HARRIET LYSTER.

LETTER XXIV.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

MY deareſt, my amiable Harriet, is then my brother the ſupreme happy man? Heaven who could have thought it? but more; who could have imagined there was ſuch generoſity, humility, and ſincerity in a female breaſt; my deareſt friend you riſe ſuperior to your ſex! to baniſh the art and coquetry we ſo frequently make uſe

uſe of, and truſt the truth to the ſympathetic boſom of friendſhip, makes thoſe lines entirely applicable,—

Whate'er you think, near bluſh to ſpeak
So pure your heart you can't miſtake,
Lay all your actions fair to view,
And nought but good can thence enſue.

My deareſt Harriet cannot muſt not blame a ſiſter for uttering happineſs in a beloved brother's ear; he adores you my dear, indeed he does, wherever I go, he is ſure to follow, he talks of you, praiſes you, aſks me queſtions concerning you; anſwers himſelf, a thouſand times his eyes invite me to converſation, the Earl ſmiles, tells him no man living but himſelf ſhould haunt

haunt me thus with impunity; your anecdote of the charming lady Bloomfield has afforded us much entertainment, my dear mama ſmiled, and your worthy aunt was pleaſed; we all agree that his Lordſhip deſerves his wife, for his aſſiduity and ſtratagem! the Earl has five hundred men at his own expence, ready to chaſtize our preſuming enemy, he has had them reviewed, and they performed to admiration, every man ambitious to pleaſe his noble Colonel, his Lordſhip and the Counteſs, entertain many of the nobility, and the evening concluded with a grand ball, bone fires, &c. &c. there was a roaſted ox, and plenty of beer diſtributed out of doors; the

Counteſs

Counteſs beſtowed on each of the ſoldiers a month's pay.

Many of his lordſhip's men are from Ireland; he boaſts highly of them declaring them as brave and honeſt fellows as any in the univerſe.

My dear Harriet, after the Earl had ſtopped a few minutes with ſome ladies of diſtinction, he requeſted my hand for the remainder of the evening—I begged to be excuſed, but in vain—he applied to his mother, and ſhe abſolutely deſired me to oblige her ſon—trembling to death I ſtepped out—his engaging delicate behaviour gave me a little

little conſequence: but the frequent whiſpers which we plainly heard—— threw me into repeated embarraſſments —the counteſs, as he led me to her, preſſed my hand; my lovely amiable girl, what a pity it would have been to have deprived my ſon of ſuch a partner.

"Madam," ſaid he, "would to "Heaven ſhe was my partner for "life." I trembled; oh Harriet the tears ruſhed into her paternal face—— happily my mother was engaged at cards, and my diſorder eſcaped obſervation—I think his attention to me, was ſo particular, that every by-ſtander muſt perceive it. I own to you it

raiſes

raiſes my admiration—my eſteem—oh my Harriet! I will take example from your charming ſelf, and own, though covered with confuſion—it raiſes—— my love—there my dear, as his lordſhip ſaid to my brother, ſecret for ſecret—his lordſhip is ſoon to kiſs his Majeſty's hand, on his being colonel to his regiment—he takes Edward, and intends introducing him at the levee—you will ſee them when they go to town—what would I give, my dear Harriet's mother had as favourable an opinion of my brother, as her ever amiable daughter. I fear that is impoſſible. I am interrupted and muſt conclude my Harriet's ſincere

ELIZA.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

JUST returned from a viſit to my dear girl; where do you think it was? come, I'll give your fifty gueſſes, and believe you'll be no nearer the end of them; ſaucy Harriet, you'll cry, to doubt thus my penetration: indeed, Eliza, I am at preſent nothing but doubts, ſcarce could I a while ago believe my eyes and ears. As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, and Harriet at liberty

berty for the morning, I flew up to dreſs: nor did I ſtay long at my toilet; plain and clean, I ſet out on my deſign, firſt carefully depoſiting your note of an hundred pounds, with a little addition of my own ſnug in my pocket-book: it was to a priſon, my dear, my heart directed me; mercy! how I trembled at the horrid entrance: what thought I, as I ſtooped under the huge chain, muſt be their feelings, who are ſo carefully confined here, loath that I ſhould give myſelf time for reflection, I haſtily turned to the gentleman, whoſe office it was to take care of this place of horror, and aſked him, were there many in this diſmal abode? he ſaid, he has had more, though indeed there was

pretty well, as the times were hard and proviſion very dear, ſo gentlemen with moderate fortunes and large families, were obliged to lodge there, but they had no reaſon to complain of his uſage; he now introduced me into a pretty little room, where was a whole family, three ſweet babes at nine pins, their afflicted mother providing a morſel for all their dinners; I knew not what to ſay; the father approached me; "be ſeated, madam," he ſaw my diſtreſs; I told him I had a little commiſſion, to diſpoſe of ſome few pounds and begged to know what ſum would be ſufficient for him: Oh, my dear, I cannot write ſuch moving ſcenes, fifty pounds were enough, and fifty I gave him,

him, with as much pleaſure as he received it; I haſtened to leave them, as they were overcoming me with tenderneſs, when a lovely boy not more than two years old, ran to me with his bib full of ſomething, "ſtay, ſtay, ſaid he, Billy gives you thoſe for making dada and mama glad," and into my lap he threw his nine pins, I ſnatched the dear little fellow to my arms; who could forbear kiſſing him? As I was paſſing to an apartment pretty near their's, I was ſtruck with the ſweeteſt voice I ever heard in my life, it ſeemed to be a young female's, nor was I miſtaken, the room door being half open I peep'd in; a young creature was ſitting in her huſband's lap, with her

back towards me, he was ſo delighted that had I been at his elbow, I doubt he had not ſeen me; but, oh, what I felt? when unable to proceed her head dropped on his boſom, her ſobs ſtiffled her charming voice, her ſighs and tears now wrung my very heart, I was loath to go in, till in an agony the diſtracted husband called his Sally, his dear Sally, then cried aloud for help; I ruſhed in "for God ſake riſe to my boſom"; the dear lifeleſs girl with her poor husband's tears and my aſſiſtance was brought to herſelf; but, ah! my dear, I thought I ſhould have died, when I recollected the voice and features of my dear Sally Ormsby; ſhe now was juſt able to ſpeak, and raiſing

her

her lovely eyes, "ſure ſaid ſhe, I know that face;" yes, my dear Sally, it is your Harriet Lyſter, your old ſchool fellow, and the tears ſtreamed down my face: oh, lady Harriet, what brings you here? we both ſobbed together; oh, my poor Harry, and ſhe hung on her husband's neck, we muſt ſtay in it; thou beſt of creatures "ſaid Mr. Nickſon, catching her in his arms, it is for you I feel," "and it was viſible to me, it was, charming young man:" "are you ſaid he an acquaintance of my Sally's and not of her misfortunes?" indeed Sir, ſaid your poor Harriet, I ſhould be glad to know ſomewhat of your affairs, as poſſible I may be of ſervice to you; "you

know, madam, that Sally was an orphan, the ſudden death of her father hurried her mother's labour, who departed as ſoon as ſhe had given Sally birth.

"I am entittled to a very large fortune at my father's death, and doubted not but he would rejoice in making Sally and me happy during his life; but an advantageous match now offered; he immediately inſiſted on my paying my addreſſes where he liked; you may better imagine, than I deſcribe my feelings on this occaſion; I flew to Sally, conjured her, if ſhe valued her Harry's peace, to marry me inſtantly, I told her my diſmal ſituation; oh madam, could, you have ſeen her in

the

the moſt endearing diſintereſted manner arguing with me, 'till life forſook me: but what could not Sally do? ſhe revived me to life and love. "Oh Harry cried the dear girl, though I beg with you, I will be yours; try to comfort you; on my knees I'll beg your father's forgiveneſs, ſure he cannot, will not blame us for loving" We were married that day, but how can I relate it of my father, when in the moſt humble poſture we implored his pardon and bleſſing, he ſpurned us from him, at the ſame time ſolemnly declaring we ſhould never be a penny the better for him during his life; he has faithfully kept his promiſe and it is through his means my poor Sally and I are here; he was much affected

affected, my features ſhewed my feeling, what would not Sally do to purchaſe me, a moment's pleaſure? Oh madam, you ſaw the diſmal effect her ſweet complying diſpoſition had on her; happy beyond imagination in her while I fondly claſped her to my boſom, I intreated her to ſing me a ſong, which ſhe had never attempted, ſince our marriage; unable to refuſe me, ſhe inſtantly complied; I was too much delighted to perceive her agitation, till ſhe was quite diſſolved in tears: it brought to her tender mind, all our paſt happy days, but ah, what will become of us now?" I took him by the hand, you know not Sir, ſaid I, what bleſſings may be yet in ſtore for you;

ah,

"ah, but if they come too late, my Sally's preſent condition"--I ſtopped him again, how much Sir, would ſet you at your liberty?" not leſs than an hundred pounds," here ſaid I, be happy, and I whipt it out of my pocket—but as you value my friendſhip not a word of thanks, I am more than paid, in having it to give—he turned his back, I ſaw his handkerchief paſs haſtily acroſs his eyes; Sir, ſaid I, this is not all, the half of that ſum you muſt receive from me quarterly and I muſt begin now, ſo leaving a fifty pound note on the table, I begged he would break the matter gently to Sally whom we had left in another little room on the bed, I now hurried away; how do you approve

of

of what I have done? tell me my dear how are you disposed towards that old squaretoes, the father, oh, that I had the tormenting him, but sure it will gall him, to see his son and daughter above want all his wicked life time, which they shall be if it be in the power of your own

HARRIET LYSTER.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

BATH.

HERE we are my dear girl at length ſafe arrived; we had indeed a very diſagreeable journey, my dear mother was extreamly ill all the way; oh Harriet I fear your Eliza is born to be an orphan; the Counteſs you will ſay prevents her from that, as ſhe will ſupply the place of a tender mother; Harriet could I have thoſe two mothers

thers your Eliza would be too happy; alas I fear I ſhall have neither— that is, if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to loſe my own mama my dear afflicted tender mother, haply your Eliza would ſoon lie down to reſt by her dear maternal ſide, the Counteſs has a ſon--a ſon my dear that beats deſcription, at leaſt from my pen, he will conſole, comfort and cheriſh her worthy heart, for the loſs of her two ſincere friends; perhaps he may lament us, I would not wiſh his gentle heart a pang, but when you are once bound with the ſtrongeſt tie on earth as certainly you will be, talk of us, think of us, oh Harriet, make that worthy family happy — it was his father's dying word,

ſome-

ſometime before he expired, he called the Counteſs, my dear, ſaid he, as you have always been a fond obedient wife, keep this my dying requeſt—my ſons welfare at this preſent diſmal time is next to yours, the neareſt to my heart, would you give a promiſe to your departing Earl, that you will mind what I now ſhall deſire, you will eaſe me of thoſe earthly cares, which prevent me from performing thoſe duties with that fervency I ſhould otherwiſe do; the Counteſs took him by the hand, preſſed it with her lips and tenderly promiſed him all he wiſhed, then ſays he haſtily, "I deſire Lady Harriet may be his wife—title and fortune, youth and innocence"—while it was on his lips,

the agitation of his ſpirits threw him into a fit from which he never recovered—thus is ſhe bound,—my dear Harriet were I in your place how delighted I ſhould be—but why ſhould I adviſe you—you know beſt how to act; only do you think he is at liberty to diſpoſe of his heart elſe where, and can Harriet boaſt her freedom? — I think not; we expect a viſit from him ſoon; open your heart to one that loves you, for indeed my dear Harriet you cannot have a more ſincere friend than your

ELIZA.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

I REJOICE my dear, you are at your journey's end, but muſt chide you for not having more hopes of my dear Mrs. Hamilton; you know not what infinite ſervice the waters may do her; I always hope the beſt; that is my maxim; for your part I know not what to ſay to you; I wiſh his Earlſhip had; had the honor to have known you, that

he might with his dying breath have begg'd of his dear wife to tell Miſs Eliza Hamilton it was his earneſt requeſt ſhe would be well in health and ſpirits, that it was a thing his poor old heart was ſet on to leave to the world ſuch a pattern to her ſex, ſuch worth and innocence, that thoſe had been the dear man's laſt words the fervent prayer of his departing ſpirit, wiſhes your poor friend for two or three reaſons; firſt you ſeem to think there ſhould be ſuch an implicit obedience paid to his laſt words, that you would have exerted yourſelf in every reſpect and thought — in fact you had no right to die—it was the Earl's laſt words—

or

or certainly my dear you deal unkindly by your friend, for you ſeem to think he had a right to diſpoſe of me as he liked, which was a barbarous wiſh, and could not be of ſervice to any one; now preſerving your life may be be of infinite ſervice to the poor and married, &c. did he think the thoughts of not offending his cold clay would be ſufficient comfort for offending my warm heart? ah no Eliza! his departed Earlſhip, ſhould firſt have left orders that Harriet Lyſter ſhould have been quite another ſort of a girl, or that ſhe ſhould have taken after her dear mother, who ſince ſhe thinks ſhe has a certainty that her daughter will improve her title; is grown ſo vulgarly fat; and

laughs and eats ſo hearty that I abſolutely ſmile when lord Valair drank her ladyſhip's health, the facetious old lady (for I may call her ſo now) muſt know what entertained her girl, till ſhe muſt partake of the joke—I told her ladyſhip it was thinking I muſt make one of the genteeleſt motion of thanks I could, when ſome young gentleman ſhould one of thoſe days ſet me at the head of his table, as I was ſure (and then I made the beſt bow I was miſtreſs of) I was never born to the honor her ladyſhip was, to be ſo much exalted by marriage — ſhe was mightily diſpleaſed, hemmed and coughed, ſhe hemmed again called for a glaſs of wine—could hardley return my lord's compliment—

(you

(you muſt know my dear! my mother would never forgive herſelf if ſhe neglected the leaſt ceremony at the head of her table.) I thought ſhe looked ten times genteeler, then ſhaking her fat ſides, eſpecially when ſhe had a bit in her mouth—as the violent exerciſe of her ſides have been near bringing me often into diſgrace, my attention was ſo much taken up by my mother that I did not perceive my father, who with reſentment, though God forgive him, had it not been a grain of ſalt—had liked for to be choaked—while my lord performed the part of back tapper to admiration; poor Harriet the cauſe of all, and yet would you believe it, I have generally a ſecret ſatiſfaction

faction, it does people good—think I and give them a phillep; I hate any one to be the ſame dull thing over again and verily believe was I married—I would fall out on purpoſe to fall in, the reconciliation is ſo droll—for my dear I always beg pardon, when the fault is committed—hope there was no harm in it, then if he was not a mere ſavage my dear he would certainly beg his poor girl's pardon, ſo we ſhould be compleatly ridiculous, the very thought makes me laugh, would not it be thouſand pities the Earl ſhould get ſuch a wife—to give his gentle heart a pang—it was a pity that lump of clay in Sutherland vault had not as much feeling for his young lordſhip's welfare as you have,

you

you tell me the Earl writ his mother word he had a little buſineſs in England with his friend Edward, before he viſits Bath—in the name of wonder what can it be? oh curioſity! now indeed I feel you there, my dear I blew it away; I hope though you have not caught it, I would not chuſe to waft one ſigh more to your number—my dear Melpomene adieu — when the God of ſleep ſeals my eyes perhaps I may viſit my dear friend at Bath—as ſleeping or waking my father complains you are continually in our thoughts much I fear he is getting a touch of the gout,

Yours ſincerely,

H. LYSTER.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.